



EVERY TUESDAY

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE LONG, LONG ROLL OF DRAKE'S DRUM

Is Devon to Lose Her Most Treasured Relic?

BUCKLAND ABBEY, Devonshire home of Sir Francis Drake, where for years his famous drum hung in the main hall, is to be sold, and West Countrymen are wondering what will happen to the drum.

This famous relic, together with his sword and well-thumbed Bible, accompanied the great warrior during his long roamings over unknown waters, and when, 358 years ago, he and his men returned from putting the finishing touches to the Spanish Armada, he proudly ordered his arms to be painted on the drum.

It is only a small, dim kettledrum, rounded at the base, but scores of legends have grown up around it. None of these fires the imagination more than that when danger threatens England's shores, it beats in low, mysterious cadence, though struck by no mortal hand.

The beat of the drum is said to have been heard, too, during historic occasions—when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed away in the Mayflower, when Fairfax and Cromwell came to Plymouth to thank the people for defending the town during the long siege of the Civil War, when Admiral Blake lay dying as he was brought in to Plymouth, and when Wellington and his troops set out from Plymouth Port.

There are stories, too, of more recent date.

When the German Fleet surrendered in November 1918 men on the Admiral's flagship said they heard the long roll of a drum—Drake's drum! It was



heard, too, so it was said, when the little ships saved the British Army at Dunkirk.

And as the sound has fallen on men's ears, they have said one to another in subdued tones: "Drake's drum!"

This illustrious trophy was removed to safety when fire destroyed the west wing of ancient Buckland Abbey in 1938, but was brought out again two years later at the homecoming of the men of the Exeter and Ajax after their victory over the Graf Spee. The crews were entertained at Plymouth Guildhall, and there they saw the drum. Its owner, Captain Merrick, a descendant of Sir Francis, came with his priceless heirloom, to keep an eye on it.

Whether the drum will find a permanent home beyond the Devon border time will tell. Anyway, Glorious Devon would be sorry to lose this relic which has so long reposed in Drake's own county and is a treasured reminder of her famous son.

Pray Silence For the Silkworm

JAPAN is sending out her silk again. It is the lightest thing she has to sell, but the amount weighed 42,000 metric tons a year before the war, for which it helped to pay. A year's produce was worth £50,000,000, so that the silkworm's threads provided the sinews of war.

Silk-growing from time immemorial has been in China and Japan a village craft, which now has become in larger and larger groupings a powerful syndicate, a nation-wide Trust. In its culture and methods it remains at bottom what it always was. The silkworm feeds on mulberry leaves and lives to eat and sleep. It feeds for 42 days of its working life, with four days of complete sleep dispersed at regular intervals in between. After the last sleep it has a great and final feed in which it eats 20 times its own weight in mulberry leaves before wrapping itself in the silk sleeping-bag of its cocoon.

An ounce of eggs, or seeds, will produce 30,000 silkworms, which will eat a ton of leaves, to produce in return 12 pounds of silk. Needless to say, there are many refinements of the culture which are closely guarded trade secrets. But one which is no secret is the need of complete silence for the silkworm while at its job.



A Prince at School

For the first time in Japan's history a Crown Prince has attended school like other boys. He is Akahito, seen above watching the art teacher.

The Ship That Would Not Sink ADVENTURES OF A "FLAT-IRON"

MEET the Wandle, as many Londoners do, on her way up the Thames to Battersea Reach, ducking her funnel to the bridges as she brings her tons of sea-borne coal to the gasworks.

She is not the same Wandle that sank a German submarine in the First World War, but she bears the name proudly, for she fought an E-boat in the last war, and had half of her hull blown off by a torpedo from another in 1942. Now this undaunted collier carries on just the same, a battle-scarred veteran, without medals, and without the defiant gun that once she carried to show her mettle.

The Wandle belongs to the Wandsworth District Gas Company, which owns only four of these "flat irons," as the Thames lightermen call the big coal boats, and of which they cheerfully proclaim they lost only half a one.

The Crew's Return

The half was the fore-half which the E-boat blew off, leaving the "flat iron" to sink or swim. But the crew, which had first to abandon her, seeing that she floated, called for volunteers to return to her, as they did, led by the chief engineer, who remarked as he climbed aboard by the life-saving net, "If we'd only got cutlasses in our teeth, we should be proper pirates." And when aboard the first thing the cook did was to make tea, announcing it with, "Lockharts' open."

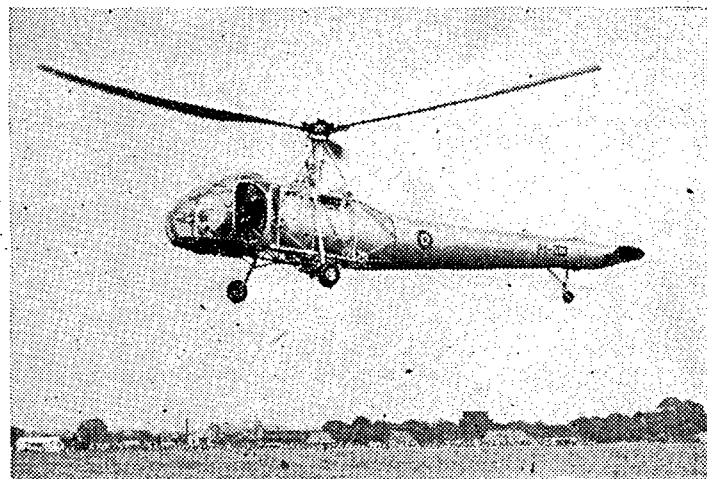
This is the rest of her story, as told by the Port of London Authority. After her signals for help had been made, a rescue tug approached and took her in tow stern first. Then another tug came up to join in the good work, and yet another, till after 17 hours she reached shelter, and with Admiralty help was got alongside the public quay at Great Yarmouth.

Two Halves Rejoined

On November 30, 1942, the Wandle was taken to the Tyne for repairs, and five days later was dry-docked at South Shields. There she remained till the following March, when she left, a whole "flat iron," with her two halves rejoined, to take up her job again. Her adventures were not over, however, for, caught in a Humber fog, she had a miraculous escape from being again torpedoed by another E-boat, which, because of the fog, didn't know the opportunity that had been missed.

Characteristically, the "flat iron" prepared to go in search of the enemy, but, being persuaded otherwise, returned to "the trivial round, the common task" of keeping the Home Fires burning.

FOR THIS FLYING AGE



The W9 Jet-Controlled Helicopter



These pictures illustrate two new ways in which flying has progressed. This British helicopter is an experimental model with a jet device in the tail, instead of the usual screw, to prevent the fuselage turning in the opposite direction to the main lifting rotor blades—the motion called "torque." The lower picture is of a farmer who uses a little Auster Autocrat for visiting distant sales and markets and for transporting young pedigree animals, such as these Hampshire lambs.

These Boys Will Be Remembered

MASTER HENRY AND MASTER ANDREW

THE memory of two boys who formed themselves into a committee and moved, seconded, and passed a resolution is being honoured at Liskeard, down in Cornwall, this month.

The story begins with a fire breaking out in the dead of night and destroying a Methodist chapel which was only four years old.

The two lads, Henry Lucas and Andrew Hingston, realising that money would be needed to build afresh, met one evening, talked the matter over, and solemnly resolved: "That we give all we can and try all we can to build a chapel, and that we begin at once."

They hurried home, counted their savings, and prepared a

subscription list, putting their own names on top:

Master Henry, £20.

Master Andrew, £18.

Then they sallied forth, calling from door to door, eagerly and hopefully. The whole town was moved. So generous was the response that before long a new and finer chapel took shape. That was 100 years ago. The sanctuary—a noble pile—has been enlarged since then, but the sacrifice of those two courageous lads has never been forgotten.

Andrew became a beloved physician and Mayor of Liskeard, and when he had grown old he often said to his friends: "I have never known what it is to need money since that day I gave all my savings to the Lord."

MANKIND AT THE CROSSROADS

The Warning of the Atom Bomb

THE results of the explosion of the atomic bomb over the Pacific island of Bikini last week, together with the recently published report of the British scientists who studied the effects of these new weapons at Hiroshima and Nagasaki have firmly established that the world has reached a turning point in its history. Operation Crossroads was aptly named.

The indisputable fascination of the scientific side of the vast experiment must not blind us to its human implications. The scientist rightly wishes to find out all he can about the matter and energy existing in the whole of the universe. For even the student of the stars by the employment of the spectroscope among the thousands of other scientific instruments set up at Bikini, sought to learn more about why the Novae, or "new stars" blaze suddenly forth in the heavens and then become stars like our sun. The measuring of radio-active effects and the actual collection of contaminated air by means of pilot-less aircraft were also among the many amazing features of the test.

But it is the appalling power of the atomic bomb to destroy life that has roused Man to question himself as never before. The report of the British mission which visited Hiroshima and Nagasaki is a horrifying story which is made even more real to us by comparative figures for a city in our own country.

Our Government has published this report in order to "assist Uno in its task of securing the control of atomic energy for the common good and in abolishing the use of weapons of mass destruction."

It should be considered with another recently published report, The Era of Atomic Power (S.C.M., 2s), by a commission appointed by the British Council of Churches to study this new human problem.

The NPFA Comes of Age

It was 21 years ago this July 8 that a great meeting was held in the Royal Albert Hall, London, to launch that splendid institution the National Playing Fields Association, and the King—then Duke of York—became its first President.

Before the war we became familiar with its excellent posters showing town children pathetically trying to amuse themselves in dangerous crowded streets because they had absolutely nowhere else to play.

Recognising that vast numbers of our people—grown-ups as well as young folk—had no properly laid-out open spaces where they could take part in healthy sports and play, the new Association set itself the task of providing enough playing fields for all sections of the community and well-equipped playgrounds for children, and of encouraging the training of Play Leaders. The last is important, for we all know that games are most fun where there is some unselfish leader who can suggest and organise the best games.

The NPFA has already provided 1430 new playing fields, and it has also helped to improve and equip many other

This valuable work likens the coming of atomic power to the discovery of fire in man's early days, when, rubbing two pieces of wood together, he created a spark, and knew that he could do it again and again and so secure light and warmth. Now man is tapping the secret source which keeps the universe in operation, and the possibilities of his discovery are so enormous that the report believes that we are on the eve of seeing forces let loose in the world which will change the order of human life.

While the commission hold that this vast new power must be shared by all nations and not be the private property of one nation, it was most concerned about our ways of thinking and acting in relation to the new discovery. Men living in a world which produces such power must stop to examine the way they are going. They must say that men are more important than the new energy, and that the human personality is still the most wonderful factor in the universe. We must believe that this new power has been given its place in the universe for men to use rightly.

This means that at the same time as we go on to explore atomic energy we have to explore the meaning of the human being. We must not allow them to be separated. So the problem of atomic energy is a religious problem. Christianity knows the worst and the best about human life, and truth is not destroyed by this new discovery, which only reveals more of the marvels and possibilities of human beings.

grounds. It has been largely responsible for the spending of over £3,000,000 on playing fields, but perhaps its greatest success has been to awaken the public conscience to the urgent need for providing open-air recreation for everybody. Its work also led to the Government giving grants of money to help local authorities in establishing playing fields and playgrounds.

The Association, however, is looking forward to a future of even more vigorous work, for it does not consider it will have achieved its objects until every town-dweller and villager in Britain is provided with well-equipped open spaces for the recreation which is so vital to health and happiness.

MR CHURCHILL'S OWN MEDAL

MINISTERS of all parties who served in the Coalition Government with Mr Churchill as Prime Minister during the war have received from him a bronze medal which has on one side the words: Salute the Great Coalition, 1940-1945, and on the other the name of the recipient and From Winston Churchill. It will be a treasured memento.

India Makes a Choice

THE British Cabinet Mission, which has toiled so hard to secure agreement between the different Indian political parties, is now back in Britain, and India is, temporarily, under the charge of a Caretaker Government which is to carry on until after the elections. These, it is hoped, will be over by the end of this month and India will then have its own Constituent Assembly, and it will be the duty of that Assembly to choose India's first Independent Government.

Whether the two parties in India, the Hindus and the Moslems, will be able to agree as to how they are to form this Government is, unhappily, still doubtful; but no one in the world will for a moment blame our Ministers for this continued lack of harmony. As the C.N. has often pointed out, Britain has shown the sincerity of her desire to make India independent. It is now up to the Indian leaders to translate that desire into reality.

TAKING THE MIDDLE COURSE

THE people of Britain, more than any other people, hold the key to the question whether the world was going to be mad or sane. So said Mr Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, in a broadcast last week.

The world, he maintained, is facing the dilemma between order without freedom, and liberty with chaos. "If we can show how to combine order with liberty we have invented something as revolutionary as some of the previous social inventions we have given to the world, such as our parliamentary system, trade unionism, and the Commonwealth of self-governing peoples."

The revival of our exports is giving the world confidence in Britain, and Mr Morrison appealed to us all to increase our national income—or the goods and services which make it up. Increased exports mean more imports of the goods which make life more enjoyable. The key to these things, he said, is not kept in a Whitehall safe or in the scientist's laboratory. The key is just people doing things together—things that are fair and decent and make common sense.

By taking a middle course between the two extremes, and combining order with liberty, Britain will win through to prosperity.

Italy's President

ITALY has elected her first President. At the Constituent Assembly which met to elect a President, Signor Enrico de Nicola secured the necessary three-fifths majority of votes.

The new President of the Italian Republic is a 68-year-old barrister with a high sense of public duty, and a long and wide experience. His task is difficult, but he enjoys the confidence of the majority of the people.

All men of good will trust that under Signor de Nicola's leadership Italy will rise again to new heights of glory.

WORLD NEWS REEL

LUCKY MAN. In the Isle of Man it is proposed to reduce income tax from 3s to 2s in the pound on incomes up to £500.

The English pianist and conductor, Andersen Tyrer, has been invited to organise the New Zealand National Symphony Orchestra.

When a jeep swerved into a static water tank at Munster, not long ago, a German policeman saved a British officer and two soldiers from drowning.

PENICILLIN FOR ITALY. Unrra has sent to Italy the complete equipment for a penicillin factory which is to be built near Rome.

Men of the British Army of the Rhine can now make phone calls to Britain at 5s for a two-minute talk.

Three trophies at a recent typewriting speed contest held in Chicago were won by Miss Stella Pajuna, aged 25, who typed at 140 words a minute.

ARCTIC AWARDS. In a special Honours list for Dominion Day in Canada, the members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who explored the North-West Passage received three clasps to the Polar Medal and eight silver Polar medals.

The Minister of Immigration at Canberra has stated that Australians who have lived abroad during the war and now wish to return home will be given financial help if necessary.

ANDES OIL. Geologists have announced that a big area in Peru, along the eastern foothills of the Andes may prove to be the world's richest oil deposit.

The US during the war held Argentine gold valued at £175,000,000 so that Germany could not make any use of it. Now it has been released.

A Turkish delegation, led by the chief of the Turkish Air Forces, are coming to this country to study flying.

HOME NEWS REEL

HARVESTERS WANTED. Volunteers for harvesting in Britain are urgently needed. Up to a short time ago the number of volunteers was 10,000 fewer than last year.

The Ministry of Transport are considering the preparation and issue of a Child's Highway Code.

The Northern Heights Model Flying Club recently held its first peacetime gala at Langley airfield, near Slough. 800 models were entered for the competition.

WHAT, NO HATS? The famous straw hats worn by boys of Harrow School are in short supply, and at the recent Speech Day some boys were hatless.

The GWR's first oil-burning passenger locomotive has been undergoing trials at Swindon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was recently enthroned as Prelate of the Order of St John. The ceremony took place in the ruins of the old Priory Church, Clerkenwell, which was destroyed in the blitz of May 1941.

JET SEAPLANE. The Saunders Roe Company have built the world's first jet-propelled seaplane. It is expected to have a speed of over 400 m.p.h.

Permission has been given for the building of a £8,000,000 power station at Rye House, in the Lea Valley, near London, provided that trees and shrubs are planted on the river bank.

Mr R. S. Cockram was elected a governor of Towcester Grammar School, Northants, because his eight children were educated there.

GOOD SHOT. At the Imperial Rifle meeting at Bisley, one of the competitors was Miss M. E. Foster, famous as the first and only woman to win the King's Prize of £250 for rifle shooting. About 30 women took part.

Captain G. W. Payne, master of the Maid of Orleans, a Southern Railway Cross-Channel steamer which was sunk by a mine after landing 800 troops on the Normandy beaches, has presented the ship's ensign to Folkestone Parish Church.

The Surrey County Council have approved the building of a new £2,000,000 road between Egham and the Hampshire boundary.

BACK TO THE SAND. After being on war service the ship Prittlewell is back on its old job of dredging sand for the South-end Corporation.

Portsmouth Cathedral, formerly a parish church, was consecrated 750 years ago. The event was marked by a festival of music lasting a week.

Under the auspices of the American and British Commonwealth Association Mr Frank Beresford is holding an exhibition of his pictures of Our U.S. Allies in Britain at 55 Park Lane, London, from July 2 to 21.

YOUTH NEWS REEL

CLIFF RESCUE. The Bronze Cross, the highest possible Scout decoration for gallantry, has been awarded to 17-year-old Patrol Leader Geoffrey Philip Hinton, of the 236th Birmingham Troop, for rescuing an 18-year-old lad who was trapped on a perilous ledge overlooking the sea at Bryn Bala, Wales.

The flag of the 1st Sheffield (Croft Hall) Scouts, presented in the name of a former Assistant Scoutmaster, Marine J. Shaw, who was killed on D Day, was dedicated at Scotland Street Methodist Church.

The Chief Scout recently presented the Silver Cross to Scout John Patrick O'Kennedy, of the 11th Acton Troop, who rescued seven-year-old Robert Hunt from drowning in the Thames.

MANITOBA'S LONE SCOUTS. Over 90 per cent of the Scouts in the 1st Manitoba (Canada) Troop have yet to see their Scoutmaster! The explanation is that the Troop, largest in the Province, consists of "Lone" Scouts who live in isolated communities scattered over Manitoba. The Scoutmaster keeps in touch with his 170 boys by post.

Scouts of Dagenham are to help in the local Road Safety Campaign by acting as Traffic Marshals to children journeying to and from school.

South Shields Battalion, Boys Brigade, is aiming at a target of £10,000 for a new Battalion H.Q. A recent collection of 70,000 jam jars realised £300 towards the present total of £2000.

Ships on Stilts

A ship on stilts was seen in the Clyde by a CN correspondent not long ago.

It was a model, 35 feet long, of a new type of vessel which is to be used for prospecting for mineral wealth which lies hidden beneath sea shallows on marshy land. The model sailed upstream, halted in shallow water, and climbed up three mastlike structures fitted around its hull. When the tide receded the little ship remained perched high in mid-air; then, when the tide returned, it shinned down the masts and in a few minutes floated away.

After experiments with the model have been successfully completed, several full-size ships, 300 feet long, are to be constructed. To save weight, light metal alloys are to be used, and the hulls will be electrically

welded. They will carry sounding gear and prospecting instruments, and will be used as mobile prospecting stations. In marshy land they will be able to move from place to place making tests, thus eliminating the enormous cost of reclaiming land and erecting fixed stations.

A ship will be floated as far as possible into marshy country, or into sea shallows, then the lower parts of the three hoisting masts will be let down to get a footing on the bed. When this is established, the ship will be hoisted up the three masts by powerful electric winches. Resting on its tripod clear of the water, the ship becomes a prospecting station independent of the rise and fall of tides, and the drilling for traces of mineral ores or oil can go on day after day without interruption.

The Future of Newfoundland

Now that prosperity has returned to Newfoundland, the first British colony, steps are being taken to provide her with a new constitution. Overwhelmed by the world depression in 1933, Newfoundland had to apply to Great Britain for aid. This was freely granted, though this self-governing Dominion had to accept the rule of a governor and commissioners instead of a parliament of her own.

As the first step towards her future status a general election has just been held to choose 45 members of a Convention. This body will debate which form of government will best serve the interests of the 300,000 inhabitants of the island and those of

Labrador, its big dependency on the American continent. Their recommendations will be sent to the British Government, who will draw up a referendum for the decision of the people of Newfoundland.

The choice seems likely to be from three proposals—a return to complete self-government, an advanced form of Crown Colony government, or union with Canada, as that Dominion's tenth Province.

Whichever course is finally adopted, the men and women of Newfoundland, who have served the Commonwealth so magnificently in both World Wars, will have the good wishes of all English-speaking peoples.



Cherry Ripe

A picture that is delightful in spite of making us feel a little envious. A happy young worker busy among the luscious cherries on a Kentish farm at Hadlow, near Tonbridge.

MAGIC BY MAIL

While medical chemists are finding out more and more about vitamins, other modern chemists are busy in South Africa bottling medicines for the witch-doctor. Although the natives continue in their superstitious beliefs, the witch-doctors have become wise in their generation, and are buying lion fat, hippopotamus fat, and extracts of lizard and python from wholesale chemists, who send out the cures and cosmetics by post.

The witch-doctor has no longer to buy his lion fat from a local hunter, or go in danger of his life to acquire the fat, or the skin of the python. He orders it from Johannesburg from the chemical warehouse, and gets it by mail, delivered—doubtless in plain packing—by the local postman.

Lion fat is particularly good for the skin, and is used by the African woman just as cold cream is used by the European. But many superstitions are still rife, and a ribbon of python's skin is frequently worn on the wrist to prevent nightmares, while magic potions are sold to gamblers to bring them luck. We hope that lotions will soon entirely replace magic potions in the postal packages.

A GALLANT PRISONER

THE humanity and bravery of a German prisoner-of-war named Franz Selbt have been deservedly honoured. He was working on a farm in Aberdeenshire when a British farm-worker was gored by a bull. Selbt ran to the prostrate man and, in spite of the bull's attacks, did his best to rescue him. The German has been given the Carnegie Hero Fund honorary certificate and £10.

Dux Boy as Saint

A Scot who read the recent CN article, Scotland Revives Her Old Customs, sends us an account of another ancient Scottish ceremony.

This is the quaint Cleikum ceremony held in July at Innerleithen. It represents the legend of St Ronan, a seventh-century monk, using his crook or crozier for "cleikin (hooking) the de'il by the hint leg." In the performance the dux boy (head boy) of the local school takes the part of St Ronan. He is invested with a silver-mounted cleikum crook and accompanied by a bodyguard of youths all dressed in monkish attire. A bonfire is made and on this, towards the end of the proceedings, an effigy of the "de-il" is thrown. This is to show that St Ronan has accomplished his task and overcome evil.

The actual St Ronan's Well of Scott's novel is near Innerleithen.

A YORKSHIRE NATURE RESERVE

SWAMPS have their uses in our small island, and the recent purchase of Askham Bog by the Yorkshire Naturalists' Trust will ensure the preservation of much insect, plant, and bird life within sight of York Minster itself.

As in Wickham and Burwell Fens, the National Trust's property in Cambridgeshire, insects which are not found elsewhere in Britain are safeguarded from the unauthorised collector's net, so in future Yorkshire naturalists will be able to ensure the preservation of creatures, the study of which will further scientific knowledge.



Redskins Wish to Join Uno

These three American Indians were chosen at a tribal pow-wow in Connecticut to petition Uno for a seat on the Security Council for a representative of the Indian Community. Their names are: Chief Swimming Eel; Princess Red Wing of Seven Crescents; and High Chief Night Hawk.

Ancestors of the Rose

JUNE should be the month of roses, but this year the Summer Rose Show of the National Rose Society had to be postponed till this month because the inclement spring had so reduced the number of entries, especially those of the amateur growers.

In normal years roses now bloom not only in June but will bloom again in October, and there are roses that are never out of bloom from early summer to November, some persevering till December.

At the beginning of last century all roses were summer flowering, except the Chinese Monthly Rose. But, whereas the kinds of roses in the 17th century

were numbered in tens, they are now counted in thousands.

How many varieties of the rose are recognisable it would be hard to say. Sixty years ago 7000 were listed. There may be 14,000 now. Hybrids and crosses all, they all spring from some common ancestor, and one of the best guides to the ancestry is the collection of paintings of "Les Roses," made in part at the instance of the Empress Josephine. Among them are Dog Rose, the wild rose of our hedges; the Rosa Mundi, named after Fair Rosamund, the Musk Rose, the Cabbage Rose, the Damask Rose, the Moss Rose, and the Provins Rose, often misnamed the Provence Rose.

A New Library For Gray's Inn

Not long ago Mr Churchill opened a prefabricated hut which is to be used as a temporary library at Gray's Inn, one of London's four Inns of Court. The former library of Gray's Inn was destroyed together with 32,000 of its books and records by Nazi bombs, and the lawyers have been faced with the task of creating a new library.

The library buildings which were destroyed were comparatively modern, but a library had been in existence at Gray's Inn since the 16th century.

Mr Churchill said the buildings we live in may be shattered, but as long as the spirit and the traditions continue, they can be reared again in even more durable and, if possible, more beautiful form as time passes.

A YEAR WITHOUT ACCIDENTS

NORWICH recently completed a period of 12 months in which no child under 15 was killed on its roads. It was the first year to pass without any child fatalities since 1939. Sergeant W. Kemp, of the Norwich City Police, who was placed in charge of road safety instruction for schoolchildren, is justifiably pleased. But the young people of Norwich are also to be heartily congratulated.

KNIGHTED IN PUBLIC

For the first time for hundreds of years a Lord Provost of Edinburgh—similar to the English Lord Mayor—was knighted in public when, recently, the King visited Scotland's capital. After the traditional ceremony of handing over the keys of the city to the King, His Majesty bestowed the accolade of knighthood on the Lord Provost, Mr John I. Falconer, by touching him lightly with a sword.

An Old Cinema Star

How the cinema as a form of entertainment has grown up since our parents' youth is brought home to us by the news of the recent death in Los Angeles, at the age of 75, of William S. Hart, a famous cowboy film star.

When our fathers and mothers were young they used to be tremendously thrilled in the little peep-show cinemas of those days as William Hart and his trusty lads galloped at incredible speed through reels and reels of film in pursuit of the cattle rustlers or other "bad hombres" while the cinema pianist played faster and faster and mother and father let out shrill yells of encouragement to the cowboys.

William Hart was an early film star and scenario writer, and had the satisfaction of knowing, in his later years, that he had given much healthy pleasure to millions.



In Dress of Bygone Days

A member of the Vintners' Company explains the quaint dress worn for their annual ceremony at the Church of the High Seas, Stepney, to children from local schools which have benefited from one of the Company's original benefactors. The children are also wearing costumes of long ago.

THE STEEDS OF THE CHILDREN'S ZOO

By the CN Zoo Correspondent

YOUNG people who enjoy rides upon animals are exceptionally well catered for in the Children's Zoo at Regent's Park this season. For the first time, a special riding track, a miniature Rotten Row, has been put down, and up and down it every afternoon trot some of the most hard-working animals in the Zoo, each bearing a little visitor.

What a varied collection they are! There is Ray, the smart little New Forest pony; Fay, a skewbald Shetland pony; Doodles, a black Shetland; Jeep, a bay pony; Scatty and Baby, two incredibly handsome cream ponies (both former pantomime stars); Chummy, a mule—and Molly, Louise, and Josephine, three very amiable donkeys.

For the older and heavier children there is Snowball, the big Welsh mare; and for the very tiny tots there is Dinky, the black Shetland foal who stands little more than three feet high and who looks like some animated toy. Finally, for children who like a steed that is "different," there is Tommy the tortoise.

Quite the quietest member of the riding animals is Snowball. It would indeed take a lot to upset Snowball. She did not even worry when, the other day, while she was enjoying her breakfast, a venturesome goat jumped upon her broad back and started "mountaineering" there. Popular also with all children is Fay, who happens also to be the mascot of the A.T.C. Fay,

like Scatty and Baby, has several engaging tricks. All three animals, for example, on being asked to "shake hands," will promptly raise a forefoot, though Fay is the only one who can be relied on to offer the correct foot each time.

The oddest—and the oldest—"steed," however, is certainly Tommy, the giant tortoise from the Galapagos Islands. Tommy measures over four feet across his vast shell and, according to the experts, is not far short of his 200th birthday! As a "steed," I must say Tommy leaves something to be desired. Certainly, he is not for those who like speed! For when he has a rider "up," he seldom exceeds a leisurely 100 yards an hour. Tommy, moreover, is not too sweet-tempered (perhaps you wouldn't be if you were asked to give rides when you were nearly 200!); and though he has no teeth in his head, he has a sharp cutting ridge inside his mouth, which he is all too ready to try out upon incautious little fingers. Hence the grim warning on the front part of Tommy's shell—"THIS END BITES!"

Incidentally, queer though it may seem, Tommy is the most valuable "steed" of the lot, for he is literally priceless. There are, in fact, only about 200 of these giant tortoises living in the world today—the London Zoo has nine of them. Because of their rarity, they are never bought and sold as other animals are, but are merely exchanged from time to time between zoos.

Shakespeare on the Screen

LOVERS of Shakespeare's great works will rejoice in the news that a series of 45-minute films of his plays are to be made by Mr Henry Halsted and Mr David McKane.

Othello, the first of these, is now completed by Marylebone Film Productions and is ready for distribution. Naturally full justice cannot be given to a work of this nature in 45 minutes, but on the whole the film is a very good effort, writes the CN Film Correspondent.

John Slater as Othello, Sebastian Cabot as Iago, and Luanne Shaw as Desdemona, give a competent performance, although there is a sad lack of movement. Othello should, however, prove a welcome addition to the average cinema programme.

That people in other lands, as here, are interested in seeing Shakespeare on the screen is proved by the triumph of Laurence Olivier's production of Henry V in America, described as a "stunningly brilliant success."

July 13, 1946

VC Airman Leads the Way

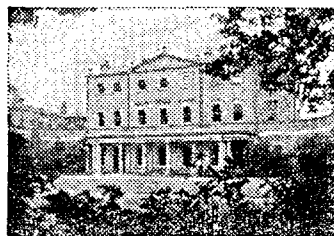
EVERYONE knows that Group Captain Geoffrey Cheshire is a brave man—his VC, DSO, and DFC are eloquent testimony to his lion heart. And no man has ever more greatly deserved his VC, awarded in 1944 for conspicuous gallantry in completing 100 missions as a Bomber Command pilot. On one occasion he flew only 700 feet high above heavily-defended Munich for some considerable time in the glare of searchlights, and under a fierce barrage, testing out new methods of target-marking at low level. He has proved himself a great airman and a great leader of men.

A Brave Experiment

Now, his war duties over, Group Captain Cheshire is making another brave experiment as a leader, in peace. He had a vision of a community of ex-Service men and women living and striving together as a unit in that same spirit of mutual help and sacrifice that bore up the people of Britain in her Finest Hour.

But he is not a man to be content with a vision. He arranged a meeting in London with some 93 men and women imbued with similar ideals, and there a Plan was formed. Eight weeks later the advance guard of a brave new colony moved into Gumley Hall, near Market Harborough. Operation Gumley had begun!

Gumley Hall is a spacious house built by one Joseph Cradock, who was unique among 18th-century squires of Leicestershire in having a great love for the company of literary men in place of a love of hunting, and counted David Garrick among his friends. Near the Hall is a big lake, and round it are trim lawns and enough land on which to build up small industries and—not least important



Gumley Hall, Leicestershire

—provide a delightful playground for children.

In this corner of Leicestershire, one of the fairest in all the county, this advance guard have set to work, repairing damaged roofs, scrubbing floors, making furniture, getting a market garden in trim order, and doing a thousand and one other odd jobs, as is the way of true pioneers.

By the end of August there will be 25 families at Gumley Hall, there to develop their plans for agriculture and arts and crafts; and each department will have in charge an ex-Service expert, who will also train apprentices.

Truly, this is a brave experiment, and we wish Group Captain Cheshire and his happy band every success; long may they prosper!

The EDITOR'S TABLE

FREE TO SPEAK

THE writers of the world have been meeting in conference at Stockholm after six years of fear and oppression of free speech in many countries. Thirty nations were represented, and in an atmosphere of freedom and hospitality the men who guide the world's opinions again dedicated themselves to freedom of speech and claimed the right to allow their pens to tell the truth as they see it.

Voltaire, the great French thinker, gave a lead to all thinking men when he declared, "I cannot possibly agree with your words, but I will defend to the bitter end your right to say them." We may not always agree with the other man, but we must uphold his right to state what he feels to be the truth. Upon that foundation is our understanding of democracy built, and those who control our newspapers and radio, and write our books and magazines, have a high responsibility towards their fellow men.

"FACTS are sacred," said C. P. Scott, a great British journalist, "comment is free." For six years Europe suffered under a régime which twisted the facts, fed the people on lies, and prevented free comment. But underneath oppression many brave groups of writers continued precariously to live and write, practising their calling under penalty of death. We who live again in a free world owe them a debt of gratitude.

NOT all the countries of the world were represented, however, at this writers' conference, and many regrets were expressed at Russia's absence. Literature and Art, Poetry and Drama, know no boundaries, and through them Russia may come more fully into the life of the western world. To make this possible the writers of the world must work (as the congress suggested) "to do their utmost to establish active friendship through the exchange of visits and the free circulation of books and information."

The free flow of ideas between the peoples of the world is the prime need among men today. Suspicion and fear flourish most where free speech is denied and where the frontiers of the mind are closed. We must aim to remove the barriers between the peoples of the world, in the full knowledge that the mind and the pen are always in the end mightier than the sword.

IN our own land the reading of good books greatly increased during the war years. We learned the importance of ideas and the necessity for the free play of discussion, argument, and debate. It is the mission of the world's writers to maintain this flow of ideas. It is the privilege of every citizen to encourage them in their work.

Our Daily Bread

FOR the first time in Britain's history bread is to be rationed. It is a sad blow, but unavoidable owing to the world shortage of grain and the necessity to avoid an actual shortage of bread in our country.

The new scheme is fair for all, and the exchange permitted of unused bread coupons for points will encourage us to economise in the use of bread; for some people have thoughtlessly bought all of a rationed commodity to which they are entitled, regardless of whether they needed it or not.

Bread rationing is an added trial to our lives, but once again Britain is setting an example to the world of accepting sacrifice for the common good.

MAN AND THE MACHINE

WHEN the Austin Motor Company celebrated its fortieth anniversary recently it was announced that during June the firm had produced its millionth vehicle. It was a 16 h.p. saloon car, and the firm's 20,000 workers—or as many of them as could find the space—were invited to write their signatures on its dull cream surface. The car is to receive a coat of transparent varnish and will be stored as a memento of the occasion.

Each product of the craftsman of old bore something of the individuality of the man who made it; and this "signed work" of the motor-car makers is a happy reminder that even in this Age of the Machine it is the human element that really counts.

JUST AN IDEA

None is so tiresome as he who always agrees with us: we might as well talk with an echo.

Under the Ed

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

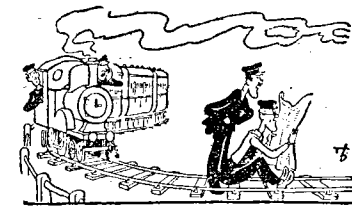


If foolish gardeners grow sage

IN many girls' schools horse-riding is taught. It is surprising how quickly the pupils get on.

Boys should be encouraged to go in for gardening. It brings them out.

A CERTAIN tonic is said to make you feel twice the man. Not much use with rations for only one.



RAILWAY workers do not believe all they see in the newspapers. Do they read between the lines?

Newspaper

July 13, 1945

THINGS SAID

THE success of all industry is largely in the hands of the coal-miners. *The Attorney-General*

I SHALL be sorry to say goodbye to that old friend the school certificate. It opened more gates than it shut.

Mr C. E. Young, Headmaster of Rossall School

No major Power is in a position to make war or has the heart to do so.

Mr Anthony Eden

WE must stop thinking that air travel is a costly luxury.

Minister of Civil Aviation

IN six months this country has shipped over 5,500,000 tons of bread grains to feed hungry people of other lands.

President Truman

LEARN to make a decision when problems face you and, having made it, go confidently on.

General Sir Miles Dempsey to Scouts of Crawley

A Mother's Influence

I FEEL her gentle hand restrain My selfish moods, and know again A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man grey grown, My childhood's needs are better known, My mother's chastening love I own.

Grey grown, but in my Father's sight, A child still groping for the light To read His works and ways aright.

I wait, in His good time to see That as my mother dealt with me So with His children dealeth He.

Whittier

itor's Table

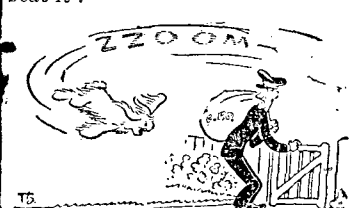
A MAN said that when he lost his bus he was transported with anger. Saved him getting a taxi.

□

A CRITIC says that a new film is the most exciting he has seen. A real moving picture.

□

VEGETABLE seed is sent to China in a large drum. Can you beat it?



A POSTMAN complains that a dog flew at him. Must have been a Shye terrier.

□

HOLIDAYS in Free Jersey, says a Channel Islands advertisement. And no coupons?

□

A CERTAIN little girl always shares her sweet ration with her pony. He has his bit.

Making the City Beautiful

WHITEHALL window-boxes gay with flowers have been a pleasant sight in London this summer. According to the Minister of Works this cheerful display may become an annual feature.

We hope so, for a little of Nature's beauty and colour on the window ledges of drab Government offices is a welcome touch which gladdens the hearts of passers-by. It is a Government lead which we should like to see widely followed by business houses and others in all our big cities.

SALUTING YOUNG MALAYANS

LESS than a year ago the Japanese were masters in Malaya, but in the short time since the Liberation the Malayan Union has made great strides toward regaining a normal way of life.

So much is evident from the first three issues of Young Malaysians, a bright new paper published at Kuala Lumpur to which the C.N. extends a hearty welcome. Although some schools remained open during the Occupation, little or no schooling or training was given. Now, however, schools are reopening and already there are more than 350,000 pupils—14,000 more than in 1941.

Through their schools and their newspaper, Young Malaysians, the boys and girls of Malaya are learning much of the outside world which was a closed book to them for four years. Together they are facing the future with confidence, determined to play their full part in shaping a worthy new world.

A Universal Language Needed

SINCE Uno was founded it has become more evident than ever before that there is a real need for a universal language.

Many attempts have been made to found a language that would enable the peoples of the world to converse together and understand one another. Probably the most outstanding attempt is Esperanto, founded by Dr Zamenhof, a Warsaw eye specialist, in 1878, and published nine years afterwards. There are now signs of a revival of interest in this auxiliary language, particularly among people in the liberated countries, who are eager to take up contacts with other parts of the world. Broadcasts in Esperanto are now being made from Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Bulgaria, Belgium, Brazil, the United States, and Australia.

The Esperanto alphabet consists of twenty-eight letters, and the language is easily learned because there are no exceptions to any of the rules, the vocabulary is small, and every word is spelt as it sounds.

Air Conditioning For MPs

THE picture below is of some of the apparatus used in the trials of a ventilation system for the new House of Commons.

Its devisers, of the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, wanted to find out to what extent the heat of the atmosphere in the new Chamber would increase as it became filled with Members. To discover this they had to ascertain how much heat is radiated from an MP's body. So a model was constructed consisting of a number of lamps covered with cones (those seen in the picture), and it was estimated that each lamp would produce approximately the amount of heat generated by two MPs—irrespective of whether they were Liberal, Conservative, or Labour!

With all the lamps working, and thermometers measuring the



heat in the full scale chamber, the scientists were able to try out their new ventilation system.

The old Chamber of the House also had a ventilation system, which worked under the floor. Air drawn in from the Terrace was passed through a chamber, where it was sprinkled with water to remove the dust. On hot days it then passed over blocks of ice, and on cold days over hot-water pipes, while in foggy weather it was filtered through cotton wool.

The air, thus conditioned, entered the Chamber under the seats and, as it became heated, rose to the ceiling, where it passed through openings into a shaft that carried it eventually to an outlet above Big Ben.

We may reckon that the new system will be even more efficient.

TOO THOROUGH

WHEN Polish soldiers not long ago were sent to remove all military equipment from the Isle of Arran in the Firth of Clyde, they saw some large white posts on a hillside, visible from the water, and took them away too. Then HMS Vanguard, Britain's new battleship, came steaming down the Firth to carry out her speed test over a measured mile. On her bridge the officers looked through their binoculars for the large white posts on the Isle of Arran which the Admiralty used to mark distances. To their amazement the posts had entirely disappeared!

HMS Vanguard had to abandon her tests until the posts could be traced and returned.

A WANDERING ART COLLECTION

THE famous pictures belonging to the blitzed Dulwich Art Gallery, that treasure-house in a London village, are to come back again to a house near their old home. So begins yet another chapter in the strange story of this fine collection.

War and revolution led to the getting together of the Old Masters that were to form the nucleus of Dulwich Art Gallery; and war led to their scattering. The pictures began their association in a house in the West End of London, which for a time became the mortuary chapel of the givers. Transferred to Dulwich, they remained there for 125 years, in a little gallery in a London country lane, until war caused their removal to Wales in 1939, a precaution justified in 1945, when a flying bomb shattered much of the Gallery, together with the little chapel built to house the tombs of the benefactors.

Now the pictures are back in London, variously housed; some of them temporarily in the National Gallery.

A Fine New Home

Years must elapse before Dulwich Art Gallery can be restored, so there is no settled home for these pictures, which are among the glories of the world of Art. But a stroke of fortune has just enabled the Gallery authorities to secure a fine old house close at hand, there, in the course of the summer, to establish as many as possible of the works, and so to restart the collection, as it began, under a domestic roof.

The story of Dulwich Art Gallery begins in the 18th century with Noel Joseph Desenfans, a Frenchman who, settling in London, married an Englishwoman, prospered as an art dealer and teacher of languages, became Consul-General here for Poland, and was commissioned by Stanislaus, the last king of that country, to search Europe for pictures with which to create a Polish national gallery. By the time Desenfans had discharged his trust there was no independent Poland left; the country had been torn asunder by Prussia, Russia, and Austria, and Stanislaus was a pensioned refugee.

Dying in 1807, Desenfans left his pictures to Sir Francis Bourgeois who, sharing his house, off Portland Place, had been painter to Stanislaus, and was then landscape painter to our own George the Third. He bequeathed the

collection to Dulwich College, with funds for the new gallery, with its mausoleum.

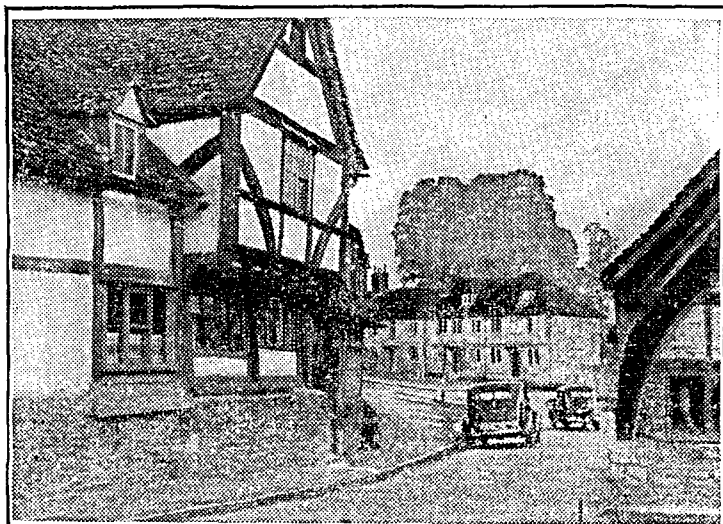
The new improvised home is a house of 30 rooms, with bell-tower, close to the blitzed Gallery. It has a huge garden, with a rivulet, a swimming-pool and abundant wall fruit. Two sections of the old house have been converted into industrial flats; elsewhere workmen are busy installing burglar-alarms of the latest pattern, and fire-preventing apparatus of the most modern design, in readiness for the reception of masterpieces by Raphael, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Murillo, Teniers, Rubens, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the rest. Some of the walls were beautified in pre-war days by a skilled Italian hand.

Was there ever a stranger series of chapters of chance and peril in the whole annals of Art? Drama and these pictures seem inevitably linked. But for a balloon there might not have been a Dulwich Art Gallery; in 1784 Desenfans planned to sell his pictures by auction, but on the very afternoon of the sale there was an ascent by balloon in London by Lunardi, the first ever seen in England, and the would-be buyers were drawn from the auction to the Artillery Ground in Moorfields. Thus a balloon saved for posterity the collection which a flying bomb, 160 years later, was to leave homeless!

A Long Sitting

THE Mother of Parliaments recently had a sitting of 20½ hours, from 2.30 in the afternoon until 11 the following morning. Many a weary MP dozed or even slept during this sitting, which was the longest since 1937. Nevertheless, during the 20½ hours the average attendance was 250. It was a discussion of the Finance Bill, otherwise the Budget, which occupied the attention of the members for so long.

In the history of Parliament there have been many longer sittings. Once in 1881, for instance, MPs sat continuously for 41½ hours.



THIS ENGLAND

A quaint old timbered house in the Wiltshire village of Lacock

AT THE ROUND POND London Uno of Model Yachting

THE yachtsmen of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens are back again. Some of them had more important things to do with bigger boats during the war, and others who did not go to sea were on more urgent work at home.

The Round Pond, where model yacht sailing began, is still the world centre of that fascinating sport, and quite a number of foreign enthusiasts are to be seen there. It is, in fact, the headquarters of the Uno of model yachting.

The Royal Parks contain only three clubs, and they are to be found side by side just round the corner from William and Mary's Orangery. They are the clubs of the Round Pond men: the Model Yacht Sailing Association, the London Model Yacht Club, and the Power Boat Club.

Housed in comfortable little quarters of timber and corrugated iron, these organisations, together with the other 100 model yacht clubs scattered throughout the kingdom, have done much for British and world yachting. Indeed, the "father" of British scientific yacht design, the late Dixon Kemp, was the founder of the London Model Yacht Club about 65 years ago.

Let us take a peep inside the London Model Yacht Club, by courtesy of its officials. All round the comfortable room are 33 fine model yachts with spreading sails, each resting on its own numbered moorings above its numbered locker; others are on the water, for this club has about fifty members. The lockers contain each member's gear.

A jovial rivalry pervades this room, an atmosphere of warm and friendly competition. Nobody poses as an unquestioned authority, but each man respects his neighbour's opinion. The young sons of members are

allowed to use the London Model Yacht Club, and the Model Yacht Sailing Association next door has a special junior branch.

There is no set season for model yachting, which is an all-the-year-round sport. But in Kensington Gardens the best time is winter, when there are no leaves on the trees to blanket the wind. Races and contests of many kinds are always going on at the Round Pond, and yet there is time and room just for "plain sailing" by the quiet enthusiast who is not looking for competition and its excitements.

World championships are governed, not from London, but by the International Model Yacht Union. Model yachting for this country and the Empire is governed by the Model Yacht Association, and the Americans have their own Model Yacht Racing Association of America. All the same, they know all about the Round Pond, and it is a place of pilgrimage for quite a number of them.

QUEER CRICKET

IN a recent game of cricket between Somerset and Glamorgan at Pontypridd the two captains decided to put some life into a rain-spoiled game by freak declarations. Somerset went in to bat and at 51 runs for one wicket declared. Then Glamorgan went in and after 20 minutes also declared at 51 for one. Somerset batted again, but, thanks largely to the grand bowling of A. D. G. Matthews, were skittled out for 53, seven of their team getting "ducks." Glamorgan then proceeded to score the necessary 54 runs and won by eight wickets.

Glimpses of Wimbledon

A lawn tennis enthusiast who visited Wimbledon during the early days of the Tournament has sent these notes on the great sporting pageant and some of its leading players.

WIMBLEDON looked a little shabby, perhaps, but made a brave try to revive the pre-war glories of this most famous of all gatherings of the United Nations of Lawn Tennis. If at times the play was a little ragged, compared with great days of the past, it was good to remember that it was for the same reason that the spectators, or most of them, were also a little ragged.

The players, however, were well-dressed for their parts, though one of them, smiling Mlle Jaja Jedrzejowska, had borrowed the clothes she played in, and looked very charming, too. The ball still cracks off her forehead like it ever did, even after seven years in war-tortured Warsaw.

The Unknown Factor

One spectator, asked to give his impressions of the first post-war Wimbledon meeting, said: "It was a joy to feast one's eyes on dozens of new tennis rackets, scores of pairs of new rubber tennis shoes, and hundreds of dazzling-white new tennis balls."

As to the play, never before has the Unknown Factor loomed so large. For seven years, during which the world has been mostly thinking about other things, there has been no safe guide to contemporary form.

The English-born, Australian-bred Dinny Pails was seeded No 1 in the draw for the singles, but he was beaten in the fifth round by the dynamic Frenchman Y. Petra. There were several formidable Americans, of whom tall, slim Jack Kramer, late of the U S Navy, was considered the best by his own countrymen.

He was beaten a week before Wimbledon by the Mighty Midget from Ecuador, Francisco Segura, who himself was beaten by another American, Tom Brown, the great surprise of the Tournament.

Also there was tall L. Bergelin, who, playing with his long blond hair tied back with ribbon, is perhaps the most fluent stroke-player of all the new stars, and may yet raise his native Sweden for the first time in its history to the status of a World Power of Lawn Tennis.

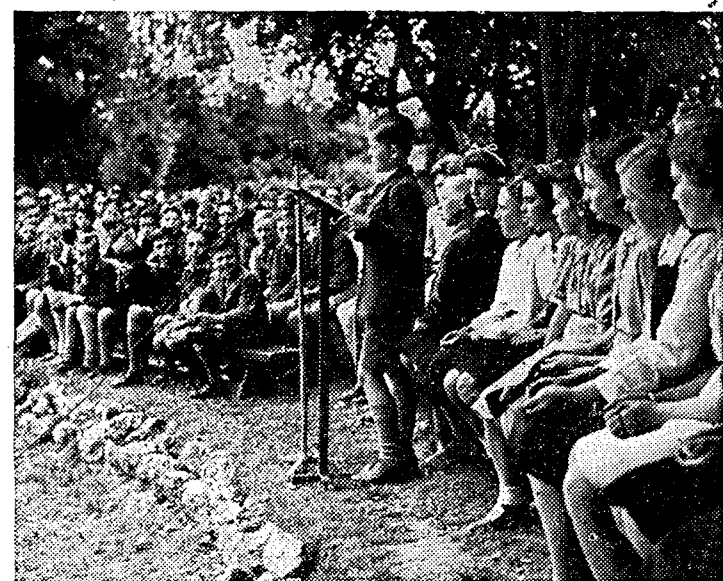
Giant Frenchman

The only certain thing about the Men's Singles was that Great Britain would be eclipsed. A. J. Mottram, late of the Royal Air Force, was the last one left in. Of the strong French team, Y. Petra, standing six feet six inches in his socks, was the most spectacular. It was a great sight to see him crashing down his first cannon-ball services.

It was much the same story with the girls, although there had been the Wightman Cup match to show how superior are American standards to our own just at present.

But there was at least one consolation about all this uncertainty of form. Some of the best matches were unwittingly sprinkled round the outside courts. Certainly every visitor to Wimbledon this year saw lawn tennis to remember.

AT A BIRD & TREE FESTIVAL



LINGFIELD, Surrey, County Secondary School not long ago held their Bird and Tree Festival as winners of the County Challenge Shield presented by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. The school's bird-watching club numbers 200, and from these nine children were selected as a team to compete against similar teams from other schools; the competition consisted of essays and drawings. Each member of this winning team was presented with a medal and a book.

The picture above shows Nigel Howard at the Festival, reading *The Charm of Birds* by Viscount Grey of Falloden before an audience of all the school, parents, and Governors. He is speaking into a microphone in the large

open space where the Festival was held.

General Sir Robert Haining was present, and in accordance with the custom planted a tree. The tree selected was a purple cherry. There was a programme of music and country dancing, both British and European, and an interesting feature of the Festival was the singing of German songs by German children who had been liberated from concentration camps and are now pupils at the school. Two of the school staff described their experiences bird-watching on the island of Skokholm off the Pembrokehire coast.

The Lingfield boys and girls are to be heartily congratulated on the study they make of wild life in their beautiful county.

Working a Passage to Sweden

A FORTNIGHT touring Sweden is the holiday planned for forty-two members of Emmanuel Youth Club, Sheffield, one of the most progressive church youth clubs in the North.

The inspiration for the trip was provided by a Swedish youth leader who visited the club last autumn, and told members about life in Sweden.

Now she is helping to organise the holiday. Working with the youth secretary of the Swedish Church and with a Swedish travel agency she has arranged a tour, which includes visits to Gothenburg, Stockholm, Gothland, Southern Sweden, and perhaps a trip into Denmark. The party will tour Stockholm by motorboat.

A film of the Emmanuel Club's many activities is now being

made, and will be shown after three concerts of English songs and dances and scenes from Shakespeare, which the British holidaymakers will give for their Swedish friends.

The boys and girls are now "working a passage" to Sweden by doing all kinds of handicrafts in their leisure time, by baby-minding and running errands for their families and friends. They have each undertaken to raise £10 by July 27, when they are due to sail.

Emmanuel Club is in the Attercliffe district of Sheffield, which Mr John Hynd described in the House of Commons as the "constituency with the greatest soot fall in the country, where hardly a blade of grass will grow." Even so, the spirit of youthful enterprise seems to flourish there!

BEDTIME CORNER

The Biter Bit



As Lennie was going home from school with Bessie and Robin he saw an artist sitting in a field painting. On the road nearby was his car, and just behind him an old carthorse was grazing. Now Lennie was very clever in imitating animal noises and he suggested mischievously:

"Let's creep over to those bushes behind that horse and I'll talk in my horsey voice. That old chap'll think it's the horse talking, and won't be startled!"

"We oughtn't to play tricks on grown-up people," said Bessie, and Robin agreed.

"Well, then, you stay here behind the hedge and watch," said Lennie.

He crept to the bushes and hid. Then in a voice just like a horse neighing he shouted: "Quee-hee-hite a nee-hice pee-hicture you're pee-haint-ing!"

To his amazement the artist, without turning, replied: "I'm glad you like it." "Goodness, he thinks a horse really can talk!" thought Lennie.

The man, without looking round, then said: "You're very quiet, friend horse."

Feeling puzzled, Lennie neighed:

"I've got a sore throat."

Then a moosey voice that seemed to come from a cow nearby remarked:

"That comes of eating thistles; you should leave them to donkeys."

In utter bewilderment Lennie got up to run away.

At that the artist turned round and laughed.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I can imitate animal noises, too. I saw you creeping up in the mirror of my car on the road. Now bring your friends and we'll have an animal noises competition."

So for the next hour all four were very merry while the artist went on painting.

Young Yugoslavia Gets to Work

THOUGH we in this country, with our older and firmly-based ideas of political freedom, may not approve of the policy of the present Government of Yugoslavia, we cannot but admire the way in which the young people of that desperately-stricken country have rallied to the aid of their native land.

Six young British members of the World Federation of Democratic Youth have recently returned from the first peacetime Congress of the People's Youth of Yugoslavia, a national movement that arose a few weeks after the German invasion in 1941, when the various Christian, Social Democratic, and Communist youth organisations united in a single programme of resistance as partisans. This youth movement is two million strong, and is adapting itself in an amazing way to peacetime conditions.

Reconstruction is now the most important aim of the Yugoslav Youth, and at the Congress the delegates learned how successful they have already been. For many months thousands of young people have forgone their wages and salaries to work in parties on road repair, railway building, locomotive reconstruction, farming; in Bosnia 14,000 young people are building a 57-mile railway. In 1939 it was estimated that this line would take two years to build with the aid of machinery. Now the Yugoslav Youth are tackling the job, and have assured the Minister of Reconstruction that they can complete the task within twelve months. The British delegates saw only four pieces of machinery along the whole railway—one bulldozer, two mobile air-compressors, and one tunnel-cutting machine. It was obvious that this great task is being done chiefly by hand.

One of the biggest peacetime "battles" is the fight against illiteracy, which is as high as 80 per cent of the population in some districts. The schools have organised groups to instruct the village populations and to establish centres especially for technical and agricultural education. The officials organising the building of the railway are conducting cultural activities and many of the young people who are busy helping to reconstruct their country are, at the same time, learning to read and write.

Their plans include practical and technical education, the building of schools in country districts, and the development of public taste for good films, drama, and reading. But the equipment is sadly lacking, and there are insufficient teachers.

At the Congress there was a magnificent exhibition of arts and crafts executed by young Yugoslavia.

Yugoslav Youth has gained a new position for itself in national society by its strength and responsible action.

A GREAT HISTORIAN

SIR CHARLES OMAN, who died not long ago at the age of 86, devoted his life to the study and writing of history. His most famous work, the *Peninsular War*, consisting of eight volumes, took him 26 years to write. He went on writing history until he was nearly 80, and wrote histories of England, Europe, Greece, and the Byzantine Empire.

CN BOOKSHELF



Learning From the Past

The Use of History, by A. L. Rowse (English Universities Press, 4s 6d).

Is the past worth knowing?

Can we know how people lived 300 years ago, what they talked about, and how they dressed and what they ate? We can. But does it matter so much as knowing about the latest invention of science and understanding the latest wonders of the age? Mr Rowse, of All Souls College, Oxford, believes that you cannot understand the present without knowing about the past. History is essential to anyone who wishes to form a judgment about present affairs. What lies behind the present position in Palestine, in Russia, and in India? Our daily newspapers are crowded with questions the historians must answer.

Whenever Mr Rowse goes for a walk in Oxford, in the surrounding countryside, he touches history at every step. This manor house speaks to him of how people lived in Elizabethan days, and every village church has some link with the storied past. Every town and village in Britain, he believes, can offer a reward to him who goes about with his eyes and ears open.

Quiz Time

Children, Can You Answer This? by George A. Birmingham (Ernest Benn, 4s 6d).

IN Victorian days it used to be said that "Children should be seen and not heard." Many parents, baffled by the questionings of their offsprings, sought refuge behind that statement. But when boys and girls of today ask questions, this book by George A. Birmingham will enable parents to turn the tables. Questions are graded to suit children of various ages and—most important from the parents' point of view—all the answers are given at the end of the book. It was first published in 1927, and has been revised and brought up-to-date for the present edition. There are many hours of amusing and instructive Quiz games in store for families which possess this book.

Thumb, Thimble, and Nod

The Three Royal Monkeys, by Walter de la Mare (Faber and Faber, 10s 6d).

ADMIRERS of Mr de la Mare's artistry will be glad to renew acquaintance with the three engaging fruit monkeys in this new edition, enhanced by a great number of delightful drawings by Miss Mildred Eldridge. For new readers, meeting Thumma, Thimble, and Ummanodda for the first time, there are here a thousand treats in store, as they follow the three brother monkeys on their travels and "adventures strange—ay, past belief."

From the world that is too much with us this book offers one of the best of all escapes—a journey into the realms of Mr de la Mare's inexhaustible fancy.

An Ancient Abbey in Northumbria

AN appeal has been made by the Speaker of the House of Commons for funds to restore and extend Hexham Abbey in Northumberland. No ancient building in the land is more worthy of the utmost care and attention, beautiful as it is and, moreover, enshrining a story that links us with early days of Christianity in England.

The picturesque Tyneside town of Hexham is a link with Roman times; it is one of the best centres for seeing Hadrian's Wall and there are inscribed Roman stones of great interest in the Abbey. Hexham Abbey itself goes back to Saxon days, to the time when Christianity in England was firmly rooted but still a tender blossom. A glorious spectacle it is, and a constant source of surprise to visitors, for it is bigger than many of our cathedrals.

The history of the Abbey begins in the seventh century, when Saxons were living in the hilly country above the River Tyne. King Egfrid gave the land to his queen, Etheldreda, and she in turn gave it to Wilfrid, the saintly Bishop of Northumbria. On this fair site, in the year 674, St Wilfrid, who had already built Ripon Cathedral, founded Hexham Abbey.

During the next few centuries Hexham Abbey was damaged again and again by marauding sea rovers. It was burned by the Danes in 875 and again by an invading horde of Scots in 1296. An old chronicler records how "these madmen . . . at last reached such a pitch of iniquity as to fling contemptuously into the flames the relics of the saints preserved in shrines, tearing off them the gold or silver plate and gems."

In the 13th century Hexham Abbey was rebuilt, and the choir remains to this day one of the

great glories of Early English architecture. Strangely enough, though, for hundreds of years the Abbey was without a nave, and the existing one was completed as recently as 1908.

Many are the treasures of the Abbey. They include old paintings of early Bishops of Hexham, notable among whom was St Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, who tended his father's sheep in the Lowlands until a vision led him to devote his life to Christ's ministry. Among its many historical relics, too, is the Frid Stool, the Seal of Peace, which was placed here in St Wilfrid's day to mark the centre of sanctuary and must have protected many a fugitive from his enemies.

But the treasure-house itself is finer than any of its treasures, and it is a moving experience to stand in the wonderful crypt and reflect that its walls were already nearly 400 years old when William the Conqueror landed in England; or that St Wilfrid himself trod its stones 1250 years ago.

St Wilfrid died in the year 709, worn out with his journeyings and his labours for his Master and his fellows. They buried him, according to his wishes, in his cathedral at Ripon. But Hexham Abbey, no less than Ripon Cathedral, is a monument to this Northumbrian saint to whom the English Church owes so much, just as, in the words of the Speaker, "it still stands a living witness to 1200 years of Christian worship."

Eaten with the
keenest zest—

Always equal
to the test!

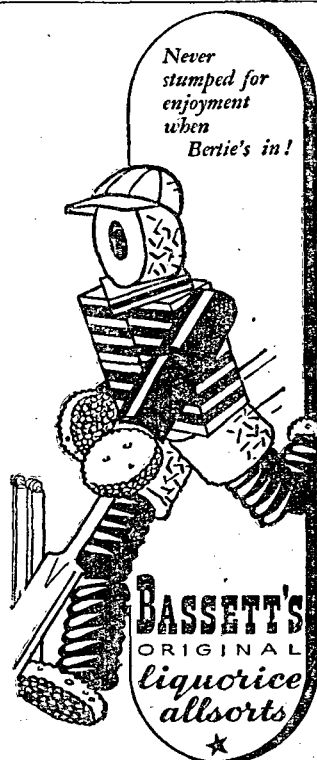
HÖVIS

FOR FOOD VALUE

BEST

BAKERS

BAKE IT!



HEALTH IS NATIONAL INSURANCE

and we are doing our utmost to build up our boys and girls for the place they must take later as responsible citizens. Hundreds will be given holidays this summer away from grimy, devastated Stepney. Will you help—please? Address:

The Rev. RONALD F. W. BOLLOM, Supt.,
THE EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885),
Bronley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

MACCLESFIELD



B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., Birmingham, 11

THE BRAN TUB

THE HEROINE

"ASTOUNDING!" murmured a member of the audience as the song came to an end.

The woman in the next seat felt she could not let this pass.

"I think she has a very poor voice," she said.

"Ah, but I'm speaking of her nerve!"

CYCLING COMFORT

IF the going seems hard, or you have to sway from side to side as you cycle, it is quite likely that your saddle is tilted wrongly or too high.

It is worth while spending a little time to get this just right, for your reward will be much easier pedalling.

Catch Question

WHICH has most legs, a boy or no boy?

A boy has only two legs, no boy has three.

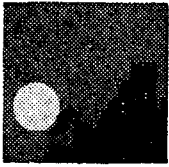
JUST FANCY

MUSICAL Maiden: I wonder what is that lovely thing now being played?

Modern Miss: Stupid! A piano, of course.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Venus are in the west, and Jupiter is in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10.30, B.S.T., on Sunday evening, July 14.



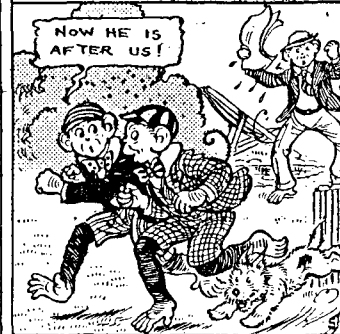
Rain Stopped Play For Jacko



1. Playing cricket with Chimp, Jacko resolved not to get a "duck."



2. His boundary in the garden pond scored six but soaked Adolphus.



3. So Jacko was out not for a duck, but for a splash.

TASTES DIFFER

MUSED a maiden whose surname was Hind,
A new bonnet I must try to find,
But her young brother Mike Said, The bonnet I'd like
Is the one with a nice car behind.

A MATCH TRICK

PUT nine matches in three parallel lines a match distance apart and join them up with eight more matches to make an oblong of six equal squares.

Can you now take away five matches to leave only three squares?

Remove the centre match of one long side of the oblong and the four matches which form the two outer corners of the opposite side, leaving a pyramid of three squares.

No Effort Required

WHY is it you never seem to know your own mind? I always know mine.

Ah, well, in your case there is nothing to know.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

A Busy Bee. Don stared at the rose bush curiously. From nearly every leaf a circular piece was missing.

"No, it's not caterpillars," chuckled Farmer Gray, hearing of this mystery. "The holes are caused by a Leaf-cutter Bee. It's jaws are as sharp as scissors, and with the pieces of leaf it makes thimble-shaped cells, perhaps in an old wall or tree. In each cell the mother Bee places a mass of pollen and honey, upon which she will lay an egg. Having made this provision, she flies off and takes no further interest in its welfare."

DISTANT DATE

SAID an M.D. to his patient called Hiring,

I advise a hot bath ere retiring—
But, doctor, that date
Is too long to wait,
For I'm quite twenty years from retiring!

TONGUE TWISTER

TWO tidy teachers training ten tiny tots to trill their twelve times table.

Children's Hour

B.B.C. programmes from Wednesday, July 10, to Tuesday, July 16.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 Community Singing. 5.20 Verses from Walter de la Mare, with a story by John Masefield, and music. 5.30 Prayers. Scottish, 5.30 The Voyage of the Laughing Ass, a story; Concert by Stranraer High School.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Cue for Treason, a serial story—Part 2. Welsh, 5.0 Little Tom Sparrow, a dialogue story; Sports Talk; Music on two pianos; Puzzle Questions, set by Cardiff Canton High School boys.

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Enchanted Castle, a new serial play—Part 1, The Magic Ring.

SATURDAY, 5.0 Branestawm's Theatre, one of the incredible adventures of Professor Branestawm; Rawicz and Landauer, introduced by Hugh Morton. West of England, 5.0 Searching for Wild Flowers—3.

SUNDAY, 5.0 The Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan, adapted by Barbara Euphan Todd—Part 1; songs by the Ilford Ursuline High School Choir.

MONDAY, 5.0 Another story from Uncle Remus; Coon Songs and Negro Spirituals. 5.40 Fire-lighting Out of Doors.

TUESDAY, 5.0. Widow's Jane, a dialogue story. 5.40 A Talk. Midland, 5.0 Christie and His Quack, by Jean Marsh, told by Bernadette Hodgson; Songs with the Harp by Robert Irwin, accompanied by Muriel Liddle; The Country Comes to Town; Doris Adams at the Piano.

STARTLING

"AND Bobby has been walking for three months now," the proud mother finished up.

The visitor woke with a start. "Good gracious! Isn't it time he had a rest?"

Sew Easy

INSTEAD of using a wooden mushroom, work over a pocket torch when darning anything dark. The light shining though makes it much easier to get a neat finish.

MINUS E

EVERY letter of the alphabet except the one most used, E, is included in each of these verses.

A jovial swain should not complain

Of any buxom fair

Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain

To quiz his awkward air.

A jovial swain may rack his brain

And tax his fancy's might;

To quiz is vain, for tis most plain

That what I say is right.

Riddles About Plants

WHAT flower is always found in a shoe shop?

A lady's slipper.

WHAT herb often spoils beauty?

Thyme.

JUST FOR SHOW?

HAWKER: Back on the market—the flexible comb—you can twist it this way and that, or even bend it double.

Voice from the crowd: But can you use it?

TWO STRIPES?

JUNIOR: "Dad, we have a well-known soldier at school. He's an N.C.O."

Senior: "You have, have you? What is his name?"

Junior: "Corporal Punishment."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Rainbow
Violet, indigo,
orange, red, green,
yellow, blue.

ABC
Bacon

BEE	ELBOW
ANVIL	LIE
STEMS	OLD
IE	AERO
CRAIG	IDEA
DEAF	AM
CUE	PLATE
ASP	SEVEN
BATHE	END



HE'LL
NEED THAT
magnesia
smile
WHEN HE
GROWS UP

Sound teeth are among the most valuable possessions you can ensure for your child. Here is a way to make certain he keeps them clean and healthy: see that he brushes them with Phillips' Dental Magnesia twice a day.

Regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which is the one toothpaste containing ★ 'Milk of Magnesia', neutralizes harmful mouth acids and helps to keep teeth white and free from decay. Make sure your child's future includes that sparkling *Magnesia* smile!

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

(Regd.)

★ "Milk of Magnesia" is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Brian is always lively

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."



"California Syrup of Figs"